ANDROID™ NETRUNNER™
THE CARD GAME

Blood Money

"You have been sold a lie of prosperity, growth, and wealth, a phantasm of a happy world that is more fragile than you could believe. All it will take is a single spark, and it will all go up in flames."
– *Omar Keung, the Flashpoint*

For 23 seconds, the worlds' largest bank and backer of the worlds' most important currency goes dark. Trillions of credits are lost, stolen, or simply erased. Each corp blames the others. Economies, industries, lives collapse. And that's just the beginning.

New Concepts

The *Flashpoint Cycle* introduces two new concepts: Ice and Operations with trash costs, and the "Terminal" subtype. These rules explain how these concepts function, and should be treated as an addition to the rulebook in the *Android Netrunner: The Card Game* Core Set.

Ice and Operations with a Trash Cost

When the Runner accesses a piece of ice or operation card with a trash cost, he or she may pay that cost to trash that card as they would normally trash an asset or upgrade. Encountering an installed piece of ice does not allow you to trash it by paying that ICE's trash cost; you may only trash it if the ICE is accessed while it is not installed.

New Subtype: Terminal

During your actions phase, as a standard player action you may play a **Terminal** operation the same way you would play any other operation. Doing so, however, immediately ends the Corporation's action phase once the card has resolved. The Corp player loses any unspent ⓒ and then play proceeds to the Corporation's discard phase.

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Just about four dozen drones were in the air and MacPherson still couldn't find this Emelyov person. He sat on some sort of strut or brace halfway up the ark, enjoying the stiff breeze. He figured he should probably learn what the hell he was leaning

on, given how much joy it had given him the past few days. He was spending a lot of time here since getting subbed into New Angeles, running his drones and ignoring the suits.

There was a suit below him now, yelling into the wind. MacPherson grinned down at her and gave a thumbs-up. That was usually enough to get them to go away. He leaned back down and jacked in. He let his skulljack hum, swimming through feeds from drones all over the city. He was everywhere, seeing everything. And there was a lot to see: bounty notices flickering past—someone named Khan was claiming a bunch of them, unmarked hoppers loading up at a Weyland-owned factory—something shady there, sec teams rousting *disenfrancistos* from corp-owned territory, more so than usual. But no sign of Emelyov, not on drone-cam, nothing on NBN's traditional surveillance network.

The strut thrummed and MacPherson straightened up again, jacking out. The damn suit was climbing up next to him. She squawked and fumbled, buffeted by the wind, and one of her shoes fell off, blown away in an instant. MacPherson laughed and offered her one meaty arm, pulling her up beside him. He figured she'd earned it. "What's up?" he asked.

"I would not have to climb out here if you would just answer your damn PAD!" she growled, her hands white-knuckled as she grabbed at the strut.

"I'm off the books," he said. "Figured if you couldn't ping me on a PAD, no one would be able to prove you had anything to do with anything I do, see?"

"That sounds like an excuse. Do you have Emelyov or not?"

"At the moment, not," he said. He took a moment to study the suit. She was NBN-pretty, her hair now thoroughly out of order from the wind, with light brown skin and eyes that she kept scrunched shut against the wind or vertigo or both. "I got Banquo and Falstaff on station outside her apartment, but thermal shows no one home. Why do we want her, anyway?"

"She defected from Titan, flipped to Jinteki."

"So?"

"So, she made the swap almost exactly twenty-four hours before the incident." The suit opened her eyes, stiffened, grabbed MacPherson's arm right below the shoulder, and leaned back again. "We have a leak that says the crash was an inside job. Even if Emelyov's not involved, Titan has to be worried that other top talent will jump ship. It's either a story or it's leverage. Emelyov. Find her." She took a deep breath. MacPherson could feel her not looking down. "Send in Banksy and Failsafe, or whatever."

"Banquo and Falstaff," he said, and slipped back into full immersion. Sending the drones in wasn't difficult, it was just very illegal, violating Emelyov's privacy like that. Not that MacPherson cared.

A red ping flared in the corner of his mind. He called it up, getting Banquo's feed. He could hear the suit, distantly, talking at him. "What is it?"

"I found what's left of Emelyov," said MacPherson. Another red ping flared, and another, from drones all over the city. "And I think she's just the appetizer."

Credits

Original Game Design: Richard Garfield

Android: Netrunner Game Development: Lukas Litzsinger

Expansion Design and Development: Damon Stone with Erik Dahlman and Lukas Litzsinger

Android Universe created by: Kevin Wilson with Daniel Lovat Clark

Android Story Team: Daniel Lovat Clark, Michael Hurley, Lukas Litzsinger, Katrina Ostrander, and Zoë Robinson

Insert Fiction: Daniel Lovat Clark

Editing: Jacob Morris and Nick Sephton with Katrina Ostrander

Android: Netrunner Graphic Design: Michael Silsby with Chris Beck, Shaun Boyke, Dallas Mehlhoff, Andrew Navaro, and Evan Simonet

Expansion Graphic Design: Mercedes Opheim with Monica Helland, Chris Hosch, and Duane Nichols

Graphic Design Manager: Brian Schomburg

Cover Art: Liiga Smilshkalne

Art Direction: Zoë Robinson

Managing Art Director: Andy Christensen

Producer: Erik Dahlman

Production Management: Megan Duehn and Simone Elliott

LCG Manager: Chris Gerber

Executive Game Designer: Corey Konieczka

Executive Producer: Michael Hurley

Publisher: Christian T. Petersen

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